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The Life and Battles of

SCROGGINS,

CONCLUDED

In consequence of the fights between Acton and Ward, and Burke and Marshall, at Moulsey-hurst, on Wednesday, June 12, 1822, not affording the usual sport, two countrymen offered themselves to the notice of the amateurs for a small purse, and actually peeled, ready to commence the battle, when Scroggins roared out, "Gentleman, as you have had but little fun to-day, I will fight the Gipsy, and that will produce you plenty of sport." Cooper answered, "he was ready;" and both of these heroes prepared themselves to commence the

THIRD BATTLE.

Scroggins was seconded by Harmer and Eales; and Abbot and Turner were for the Gipsy: 6 and 7 to 4 on the latter.

Round 1. Previous to the Gipsy appearing at the scratch, he stooped down and wiped his hands upon the grass, and appeared quite confident of success. Scroggins looked as fat as an ox fed with oil-cake, completely out of condition, with a stomach overcharged with oranges, ginger beer, heavy wet, as antidotes to resist the heat of the day, not entertaining any idea of entering the Prize Ring; but, nevertheless, he shook hands with his opponent as gay as a lark. Scroggins looked rather formidable, and the Gipsy was in no hurry to let fly. The Ould One at length made a hit, the Gipsy got away; some exchanges took place, when Scroggins followed the Gipsy to the ropes, and such a rally took place as beggars description. It was hit for hit, ditto repeated, and ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, till they both went down exhausted. Thunders of applause, and "Scroggy is not to be disposed of as a matter of course."

2. The face of Scroggins was as red as the gills of a turkey-cock, from the blows he had received, and the exertions he had made; and the nob of the Gipsy was equally disordered. After a little sparring, they got into another rally, like the first round, when both went down, the Gipsy undermost. "Bravo, Scroggins; the old boy has still a chance."

3. Jack had the best of this round, although he was sent out of the ropes, and the Gipsy fell upon him.

4. Scroggins missed some well-intended blows with his right hand, which, if they had told, must have turned the battle in his favour. The Gipsy showed great distress, also received a sharp hit on his nob, and was undermost in going down. The odds varied a little, and 5 to 4 on the Gipsy.

5. A well-contested round, and both on the ground.

6. Scroggins kept his word; he afforded great sport to the amateurs, and showed game of the first quality. He also threw the Gipsy in rather a singular manner.

7. This round was all fighting; and, as Scroggins was going down, in a most extraordinary manner he floored the Gipsy. Thunders of applause.

8. All milling, till both down.—While Scroggins was on the knee of his second, he took hold of the bottle to drink.

9. The Gipsy had the worst of this round. Scroggins put in two severe nobbers, and, in struggling, gave his opponent a severe cross-buttock.

10. Scroggins was as good as his opponent; and another severe rally took place at the ropes, till both down, Gipsy undermost.

11. Scroggins again cross-buttocked his adversary.

12. The Gipsy was none the better for these falls, but youth must be served, and he soon shook off his distress, by comparison with Scroggins. Hard fighting; but the Gipsy undermost.—The combatants were close together upon the knees of their seconds, when they were both laughing and talking to each other, and Scroggins was in the act of offering his hand to the Gipsy, when time was called.

13. Scroggins nobbed the Gipsy, and had the best of this round as to science; but then his blows were not effective, or the frame and face of the Gipsy too iron-like to show any impression. Both down.

14. The Gipsy missed two of his favourite slashing hits, that might have ended the battle, and also fell very heavily upon Scroggins. Two to one.

15. Symptoms appeared that Scroggins was getting weak, but nevertheless he rallied hit for hit, till he went down quite exhausted. Three to one.

16. Poor Jack, game to the last, came up to the scratch like nothing else but a good one, but was floored by a desperate hit. Four to one. "Don't let the old boy fight any more, he has shown himself a good trump; take him away; youth must win against a stale one."

17 and last. Jack, although in a tottering state, was determined to have another shy for it; but it was of no use, and, like other brave men, he was compelled to submit to the chance of war. He was sent down; when some of the amateurs interfered, and Scroggins was persuaded to resign the contest. It was over in twenty-five minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

It must be admitted, on all hands, it was a most gallant fight; and Scroggins rather raised himself than otherwise in the opinion of the amateurs. To use his own words, "he could not win, yet he was not half licked, but his condition was not equal to the task." The ear of the Gipsy was severely punished; in fact, in one round, in the middle of the fight, he was nearly at a stand-still. A small collection was made for Scroggins. The Gipsy had the purse of £15, out of which, we understand, he generously gave Scroggins two sovereigns. Scroggins will always "show fight;" but he should recollect that a man cannot last forever. The ould one certainly possesses a fine constitution, but he does not seem to care one pin about it.

This was the last battle fought by Scroggins. Age will tell, and so Jack found it. He retired from the ring as an active participant. Scroggins died in London, Nov. 1, 1836, aged 49.

The Life and Battles of

BABNEY AARON,

The Star of the East—1828.

From a work published in England in 1828—now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Mister Barney one day went to prime Moulsey Hurst,
To look after the blunt and to pick up a crust,
To meet Mr. Franky Redman:
But Barney it seems was "quite fly" in the ring,
Making "his people" to laugh and to sing,
Who soon with their chaffing began:—
Look, Moses and Ikey,
And you, cousin Nikey,
How quickly he uses his fam;
Vat a nishe boy,
To give the Jew's joy—
O! Barney's a second Dutch Sam,
Mister Barney, Mister Barney, O! he's a second Dutch Sam.

During the short career of the above hero of the Sheenies, in the Prize Ring, he has been extremely active, and done "lots of work," having won seven battles out of ten. Barney also stands high in the estimation of "his people," for honesty, civility, and courage. Aaron first took a survey of mankind in the parish of Aldgate, not one hundred miles from Duke's Place, on November 21, 1800.

A few years only had passed over his head, when his daddles got into play: and he was the hero of the tale, in his neighborhood, by milling the big and little Jew and Christian boys like fun, who attempted to smug his marbles, tops, or balls; and his companions pronounced him their little game cock! and the boys always pushed him forward as their champion.

In the year 1819, before Barney had arrived at the age of eighteen, he fought with Bill Connelly, denominated the Rosemary Lane Champion. In this contest, our hero put the polish on Connelly with the talents of a superior artist; and, in the course of thirty-three minutes, occupying sixteen rounds, the Rosemary Lane Champion acknowledged he had "quite enough, if not rather too much, of the handy-work of Barney." This battle brought Aaron into notice amongst the lovers of milling, at the East-end of the Metropolis.

His next trial of skill was with Manny Lyons, *alias* Likey Dowde. Barney's opponent was the heaviest man by two stone, and Likey had also the length in his favour. It was a tremendous hard battle for one hour and a quarter, when Barney became so exhausted, that he could not answer the call of time, and of course lost the battle, but not his character. The gameness he displayed astonished every spectator present.

In a second battle with Lyons, "the boot was upon the other leg," and Barney tipped it to Likey in such style, that he recovered his lost laurel with flying colours, and returned home in triumph, with the proud title of conqueror.

Barney next entered the ring with a prime fellow of the name of Ely Bendon on Bow Common. Bendon was a good fighter, a game man, and a most troublesome customer. One of those sort of coves who never know when they have got enough; and must be "hit out of time" to get the "best of them!" For three quarters of an hour, Bendon stuck to his work like glue; and Barney Aaron obtained great applause in defeating such a brave man. It was a manly fight on both sides.

Sam Belasco was his next rival in milling fame; but Mister Barney was not long before he convinced Sammy of his error, and our hero again proved victorious.

Angel Hyams, a nephew of the celebrated Dan Mendoza, next encountered Mister Barney. Our hero flattered himself he should have proved the conqueror, if the "man in authority" had not interfered, and said, "it must be no go!" Seven rounds were capitally contested between them, before the stop was put on their exertions. Barney afterwards declared he never was so vexed in his life before.

Maurice Lee, the fancy topper maker, and Barney had an argument together, which could not be decided without blows. A turn-up was the result: and "pull devil, pull baker," the character of the battle. It was an even thing for half an hour; and both of them so dreadfully beaten, that the spectators, fearing serious consequences might ensue, parted them.

Barney, who had hitherto been milling for love, as it is termed, was now determined to turn his capabilities to a better account, and look after "de monish." He therefore toddled down to witness the fights between Arthur Mathewson and Israel Belasco, and Phil. Sampson and Birmingham Hall, at Moulsey Hurst, on Wednesday, March 19, 1823. A small subscription purse was collected for a third battle, to wind up the sports of the day, when Barney Aaron modestly made his bow to the Amateurs, and also made his debut in the P. R. with Collins. The latter boxer had by far the advantage over his adversary, both in height and length; but, notwithstanding this disparity, Barney took such liberties with the nob of Collins, as to turn the odds, which were 6 to 4 at the commencement against him, in his favour. The science and game of Aaron were much praised by the Amateurs; but, after more than half an hour's sharp fighting, in consequence of one of his hands going, he was reluctantly compelled to yield the palm to his adversary.

Stockman, a lively, active, and scientific boxer, was matched against Barney Aaron for £25 a side. This battle was decided at Blindlow Heath, in Sussex, on Tuesday, May 6, 1823, after Peter Crawley had defeated Acton. Stockman had for his seconds Bill Eales and Dick Curtis; and Barney Aaron was attended by Jem Ward and Rogers.—This battle gave great satisfaction to the spectators; it was truly scientific and manly on both sides. In the course of forty rounds, occupying forty minutes, Stockman experienced defeat. The strength and heavy hitting of Barney Aaron he could not reduce; and Stockman was completely licked against his will. This victory tended to raise our hero as a boxer of talent in the eyes of the Sporting World.

Barney Aaron was backed, without the least hesitation, by his friends against Lenney, (the Cow Boy,) who had seen some service in the Prize Ring, for £25 a side. This match was decided on Tuesday, the 5th of August, 1823, at Arpenden Common. It was the third battle on the above day. Barney Aaron, as gay as a lark, threw his topper into the ring, under the especial care of Josh Hudson and Crawley, and Lenney was supported by Dav. Hudson and Holt.

Round 1. The attitude of Lenney was interesting, and he displayed himself to better advantage than usual.—The Jew was in a great hurry to feel for his opponent's nob; but Lenney said "Wait a bit!" However, they soon went to work; Lenney had the worst of the milling, and he also went down. 6 to 4 on Barney.

2. Lenney put in two severe blows on the Jew's head, that for an instant he was quite abroad, and turned round; but he recovered himself before the end of the round, and Lenney again went down.

3. It was a horse to a hen, in this early stage of the fight. Lenney received six distinct nobbers in the middle of his head, and he went down without a shadow of chance.

4. Lenney succeeded in drawing the Jew after him, by which means he was enabled to give Aaron two or three sharp facers. Lenney at the conclusion of the round was on the turf. 10 to 1.

5. The Jew slipped, and went down from a slight blow.

6. Lenney put in a couple of facers; but nothing could stop the Jew's eagerness to be milling. ["Stand still," said Josh "do not give your opponent an opportunity of drawing you off your ground."] Both down.

7. The nob of Lenney was a complete drum for his adversary to beat upon. Three facers was the result, and Lenney floored.

8. Nothing could be more decisive; Lenney received three facers, and was also hit down.

9. "Take him away; he has no chance. Lenney is overmatched," were the general remarks. The Jew Boy had it all his own way. Lenney, it is true, did not want for courage, and now and then he put in some good blows; but the stamina and courage of the Jew were too good for him. The jobbing of Aaron spoiled Lenney till he went down. Any odds.

10. It really was a pity to witness Lenney continue the battle. He was punished all over the ring; and ultimately measured his length on the turf. ["Take him away, it is too bad to let him fight any longer."]

11 and last. It was ditto, ditto, and repeated till poor Lenney was again on the turf. His backer, we are informed, who betted fifty pounds that he would not be defeated in half an hour, urged him to continue the battle for a few more rounds, as the chance might turn in his favour; but the answer of Lenney was, "I will not fight longer for any man." It was over in fifteen minutes.

Lenney was not exactly satisfied in his mind, as to his late defeat with Barney Aaron, and therefore made another match for £20 a side. This battle was decided at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, November 11, 1823, after Josh Hudson had defeated Jem Ward. Barney Aaron, followed by A. Belasco add Bill Gibbons, threw up his hat into the ring; but a quarter of an hour elapsed before Lenney appeared, attended by Holt and Crawley as his seconds. Aaron 5 and 6 to 4 the favourite.

Round 1. Both of these "little ones" appeared to have too much pride in their composition to throw away any time in stopping the blows of each other; and went to work like blacksmiths, till Lenney found himself hanging on the ropes, where he was milled down. 7 to 4 on Aaron.

2. Full of pluck, and both pelting away *sans ceremonie*; at this instant the outer ring was broken, and the confusion was so great, that the battle was stopped until order was restored. The Jew napped a heavy pimpler; but, in return Lenney was punished down.

3 to 8. Lenney did not want for pluck nor science; but he was evidently overmatched. He was severly milled in all these rounds. "Foul, foul," frequently occurred, during the time Lenney was balancing on the ropes, but the latter kept fighting all the while he was in such situation.

9 to 11. These were all fighting rounds, but Lenney had so much the worst of it, that ten pounds to one were offered on Barney.

12 to 18. Aaron was so full of gaiety, that he bored his man down with the utmost ease. Here some words occurred between Belasco and Lenney. The latter kicked Belasco violently on his leg, and also gave him a blow on his mouth; and said, loud enough to be heard by the spectators, "I will not fight any more." Belasco, with much propriety and forbearance, did not meddle with Lenney, which otherwise might have produced a wrangle. Aaron left the ring instantly, thinking he had won the battle. A great disturbance arose, and the Umpire considered the battle at an end; but, in consequence of Lenney's asserting "that what he had said was from passion, declaring that he would not fight any more if Belasco remained in the ring, who acted foul towards him," the Umpire consented the battle should go on again. Aaron observed, he did not wish to take advantage of a slip of the tongue made by his opponent, and he would most readily fight it out. Order being once more restored, the boxers commenced.

19. It was all up with Lenney; after being milled all over the ring, and his face covered with claret, he was ultimately floored. Any odds.

20. Aaron punished his adversary in all directions; and, in closing at the ropes, Barney fibbed Lenney till he went down quite exhausted. ("Take him away, he has no chance.")

21 and last. Lenney had scarcely put up his hands at the scratch, when Barney floored him like a shot. This was a finisher; and Lenney found it was of no use to continue the contest any longer. Making deductions for the loss of time, the battle occupied about twenty minutes.

The remarks we have to make on this fight are short, but we are compelled to be severe. Great praise is due to the Jew, for not throwing his "own people" over the bridge; and likewise in his not consenting to rob the Amateurs generally. "Thirty Pounds," he asserts, were offered him to lose the battle, on the morning of fighting, at Hampton. His backers are well assured of the fact.

Frank Redman, a brave little man, and under the patronage of Dick Curtis, was backed against Barney Aaron, for £25 a side. This match was decided on Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, December 30, 1823.

The Amateurs were not so numerous as usual, (in consequence of the fight between Abraham Belasco and Neal being postponed till the 7th of January;) however, all the out-and-outers, who never miss anything in the shape of a fight, were present; those coveys, who set both wind and rain at defiance, while they are able to warm themselves, and recruit their spirits with a drop of the right sort—Seagar's Daffy. At two o'clock, Barney, attended by "one of his own people," and Maurice Delay, threw his hat into the ring; about five minutes afterwards, Redman, very genteelly dressed, arm in-arm with Curtis and Holt, threw his hat out of the ring. The President of the Daffy Club was the stakeholder; and, in order to make "all right," fresh articles were drawn up at Lawrence's, the Red Lion, at Hampton, to obviate the difficulty of fighting in the same ring with Belasco and Neal, so expressed in the original agreement.

Round 1. Redman, a tight well-made little fellow, weighing ten stone, when stripped and in attitude, looked as if he could "do something," more especially being under the guidance of the Pet of the Fancy, and also the eloquent and elegant Pal of the Commissary-General; by which means he had the advantage of the knowledge of the West and East End part of the Fancy combined. He was the favourite 5 to 4. Mister Barney came out of the scale nine stone twelve pounds, as lively as an eel, and as spirited as a young colt. Bang-up in his own mind; a mug full of confidence, in rare condition, with sparkling ogles in his nob, ("worth a Jew's eye,") and with a firm step, eager to commence the attack. Redman had also trained well, and they might be termed a prime pair of light weights. Barney surveyed his opponent from head to foot with much coolness, and Redman's eyes likewise took measure of Aaron before he went to work. At length Mister Barney, by way of the compliments of the season, a kind of handsel to the new year, or to give a Christmas-box (if the phrase is more intelligible) to his adversary, he presented his right fist very near Redman's head; but Johnny did not wish to accept it, and got away.—After a short pause, Barney rushed in, and caught hold of Redman, and began the weaving system with some success. Johnny endeavoured to fib too; and, in the struggle and hammering of each other, both went down, Barney undermost. ["Go it, Redman—never leave him."]

2 to 6. To observe these rounds were all fibbing, is most certainly "a bit of good truth!" and Barney the hero in all of them. In the latter round the claret appeared on Redman's nose. 6 to 4 on the Jew.

7 to 10. Redman proved himself nothing else but a good little man; but he had no chance as yet to win; that is to say, he had not changed the battle in his favour, and the odds had left him. In the last round, Barney planted two good nobbing hits—right and left.

11. Redman had a little turn here, and gave Mister Barney two out-and-outers upon his Mosaic index, that made his eloquent second exclaim, like a Chesterfield—"Elegant! Beautiful! and so handsomely done, too. They were immense hits. Repeat them, Mr. Redman; about four more elegant blows like them will win you the battle.—That accomplished, I will take you under my wing, among the heavy ones, on Sunday next, in Hyde Park." "Yes," says Barney, "so you shall; but I must dress him well first before you can take him, Harry." The Jew tried the fibbing system, but ultimately was undermost when down.

12. This was a sharp round altogether; and the finishing of it was, Barney down. "Reddy, my boy," says the Pet, "he can't hurt you now; his hands are gone; and if you are only half as game as your dog, you'll win it in a canter. Why, it is Bermondsey parish to a whistle in your favour."

13 to 17. Barney had decidedly the best of all these rounds. He fibbed his opponent with the nimbleness of a drummer practising the roll-call. The Jew behaved very manly in the last round; he let Redman down, holding up both his hands, when he might have dealt out severe punishment. "Bravo, Barney," from the Christians; and lots of applause.

18. The fight was now on the finish, from the execution done by the Jew.—He put in four desperate jobbers on Redman's nob, and sent him down. 7 to 4, and 2 to 1.

19 to 21. Redman's nose was clareted and his face and right eye exhibited sharp punishment. Barney had it all his own way, driving Redman over the ring till down.

22 to 24. Redman fought like a man; but was getting a little groggy. Both down. "Vat a peautiful hitter!" said a Sheeney to his pal. "O 'tish delightful!" "It's as shafe as the Bank. I shal vin my monish to-day. Look, Israel, look how he nicks him, as de man shed about the Jack Daw. I say, I say, Moses, Levy, Benjamin, Aaron, only look at him—so help me Bob—It's Dutch Sam come to life again." "No, no," replied his pal, "don't be too fast; but I think he will be a second Dutch Sam." "Vell, vell, my dear, dat ish all the same," rejoined the delighted Sheeney; "vy he seems to like milling better than I do my breakfast. O, he's a sweet fibber."

25. It was three to one Redman must lose. He had no chance, and was sent down. "Take him away."

26. Redman would not listen to defeat, and endeavoured to fight, till he went down.

27. Barney did as he liked, till Redman measured his length on the ground. "Take him away," was now vociferated from all parts of the ring.

28. Redman down in an instant; 20 to 1. It was now Fonthill Abbey to a fadge.

29 and last. The game of Redman was so good, that he came staggering to the scratch to have another shy, but he was floored in a twinkling. It was over in thirty-two minutes.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GAME OF WHIST:

Compiled from the Best Authorities,

—FOR THE—

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

WHIST:

From The Text of Matthews.

[CONTINUED.]

Though it is certainly more regular to win your adversary's as well as partner's lead with the lowest of a sequence, still I recommend occasional deviations from that maxim; as it is of the greatest advantage to give your partner every information in his, or your own, so it is often to deceive your adversaries in their suits. It will now and then deceive your partner also; but if done with judgement, it is, I think, oftener attended with good than bad effect.

There are also other situations, where it is highly necessary to deceive your adversary. A, last player, has a tierce-major and a small trump; a tierce-major with two others of a second suit; king, and a small one of a third; with queen or knave, and a small one of the fourth; of which his adversary leads the ace. It is so very material for A to get the lead, before he is forced, that he should without hesitation throw down the queen, as the most likely method to induce his adversary to change his lead. But this mode of play should be reserved for material occasions, and not by its frequency give cause for its being suspected.

Beginners find it difficult to distinguish between original and forced leads. When a player changes his original suit, he commonly leads his strongest card of another, to give his partner the advantage of a finesse. In this case you are to play this, as if it was your own or adversary's lead—keep the commanding card, tenace, &c., and do not return it, as if it was an original lead.

There is nothing more necessary to be explained to the beginner, than what is usually denominated under-play, as it is a constant engine in the hands of the experienced, to use successfully against the inexperienced player. In other words, it is to return the lowest to your left-hand adversary's lead, though you have the highest in your hand, with a view of your partner's making the third best, if he has it, and still retaining the commanding card in your hand.

To explain this farther, suppose A, fourth player, has ace and king of his left-hand adversary's lead; to underplay, he wins the trick with the ace, and returns the small one, which will generally succeed, if the leader has not the second and third in his own hand. You will see by this, if you lead from a king, &c. and your right-hand adversary, after winning with a ten or knave, return it, you have no chance to make your king, but by putting it on.

The following is another situation to under-play; A remains with the first, third, and fourth cards of a suit, of which he has reason to suppose his left-hand adversary has the second guarded; by playing the fourth, it is often passed and A makes every trick in the suit.

N. B. This sort of play is always right in trumps; but if weak in them, it is generally the best play to make your certain tricks as fast as you can; for if you have not your share of them somebody must have more than their own, and of consequence be weak in some other suit, which probably is your strong one.

Keep the trump card as long as you can, if your partner leads trumps; the contrary, if your adversary leads them. In the former instance, supposing the eight turned up, and you have the nine, throw away the latter; in the last (though you have the seven or six) play the card you turned up.

When your partner is to lead, and you call before he plays, it is to direct him, if he has no honour, to play off the best trump he has.

Though according to the strict laws of Whist, all words and gestures are prohibited, yet, like all other laws not enforced by penalties, they are continually violated. There are, indeed, few players who do not discover in some degree, the strength of their game, or their approbation or disapprobation of their partner's play, &c. As this is on one side often a material advantage to the party transgressing, so it is quite allowable for the adversaries to make use of it. Attentive and silent observation will frequently give an early insight into the game, and enable you to play your hand to more advantage than by adhering to more regular maxims.

Though tenace, or the advantage of position, cannot be reduced to a certainty, as at piquet; and that it is often necessary to relinquish it for more certain advantages; still no man can be a whist-player who does not fully understand it. The principle is simple, but the combinations are various. It is easily conceived, that if A has ace, queen, and a small card of a suit, of which B has king, knave, and another; if A leads the small card he remains tenace, and wins two tricks; whereas, if he plays the ace, he gives it up and makes but one. But if B is to lead, he has no tenace, and lead which card he will, he must make one trick, and can make no more. This easy instance, well considered, will enable the player, with some practice, to adapt it to more apparently intricate situations.

The following cases, which happen frequently, will further explain this: A is left with four cards and the lead, viz. the second and fourth trump, and the ace and a small card of a suit not played. Nine trumps being out, B, his left-hand adversary, has the first and third trump, king and a small one of the suit of which A leads the ace. Query, what card should B play? Answer, the king; by which he brings it to an equal chance whether he wins three tricks or two, but if he keeps the king he cannot possibly win three.

By placing the cards you will perceive, that if B's partner has a better card than A's, it prevents A from making either of his trumps, which, had B retained the king, he must have done.

A has three cards of a suit not played, (the last remaining) viz. king, queen, and ten; B, ace, knave, and another; A leads the king; if B wins it he gives up the tenace, and gets but one trick whereas if he does not, he makes his ace and knave by preserving it.

A has ace, knave, and ten, of a suit which his partner leads. Query, which should he put on? Answer, the ten, particularly if it is a forced lead; by this he probably wins two tricks. If he puts on the ace, and his partner has no honour in the suit, he gives up the tenace, and can only win one.

Tenace is easily kept against your right-hand, but impossible, without great superiority of skill, against your left-hand adversary.

To explain what is meant by playing two points, place the following hand before you: A has the two lowest trumps, and two forcing cards, with the lead. The two best demonstrably in the adversary's hands; though uncertain if in the same or divided. Nine cards being played, and no trump remaining—Query, what is A to play? Answer,—this can only be decided by the situation of the score, and whether or no it justifies the hazarding two tricks for one. The least consideration will convince the player, that before the score is much advanced it would be highly improper for A to play a trump, because he manifestly ventured two tricks for one; of course he should secure two tricks by playing a forcing card. But suppose A to be at the score of seven, and that he has won six tricks, he should then as clearly venture to play the trump, because if the trumps are divided he wins the game, or otherwise remains at seven, which is preferable to the certainty of scoring nine. But if the adversary is at nine, this should not be done, as by hazarding the odd trick, you hazard the game.

N. B. This mode of reasoning will in general direct you where and when finesses are proper or improper. For there is scarcely one, though ever so right in general, but what the different situations of the score and hand may render dangerous and indefensible.

The following critical stroke decided one of the most material rubbers that ever was played, and is recommended to the attentive perusal even of proficients.

The parties were each at nine. A had won six tricks, and remained with knave, and a small trump, and two diamonds with the lead. B, his left-hand adversary, with the queen and ten of trumps, and two clubs. C, his partner, with two small trumps, and two diamonds. D, last player, with ace and a small trump, a club and a heart. A led a diamond, which being passed by B, was to be won by D. Query, How is he to play, to make it possible to win the odd trick? Answer—D saw it was not possible, unless his partner either had the two best trumps, or the first and third, with a successful finesse. He therefore trumped with the ace, led the small one, and won the game.

N. B. In another score of the game, this would not be justifiable, as the chance of losing a trick is greater than that of gaining one by it.

The attentive perusal (in the mode prescribed) of these maxims, will, I think, with a little practice, enable a beginner to play with very good cards to advantage. The difficulty of the game does not consist of this; aces and kings will make tricks, and no skill can make a ten win a knave. But there are hands which frequently occur when skilful players win, where bunglers lose points: and (unless when the cards run very high) it is on the playing of such, success depends, viz. ace or king, and three other trumps, a tierce-major, with others of a second suit with a probable trick in a third—the player's plan should be either to remain either with the last trump, or with the last but one, with the lead: and to accomplish this last, he must not win the second lead with the commanding trump, but reserve it for the third. Nothing then but five trumps in one hand can probably prevent his establishing his long suit, for he forces out the best trump, and the thirteenth brings in his suit again, which (without the lead after the third round of trumps) would be impossible.

As this maxim is of the utmost consequence, the following cases, which happen frequently, are added to make it more clearly understood:

A has ace and three trumps, a strong suit, headed by a tierce-major and a probable trick in a third, and lead.—Query—How should this hand be played? Answer—A should lead a trump; but if his partner wins and returns it, A should not put on his ace, but suffer it to be won by his adversary. When either A or his partner gets the lade, he of course plays a trump, which being won by A, he remains with the lead, and one, but not the best trump, though they should not be equally divided.—This (his strong suit having forced out the best) establishes it again, notwithstanding the adversary may command the other suits, which are by these means prevented from making.

N. B. Had the ace been put on the second lead, the force would have been on A, and his strong suit entirely useless.

A, with a similar hand, has ace, king, and two small trumps. If the adversaries lead trumps, he should not win the first trick, even if last player. By this, after the second lead, he still retains the best for the third, according to the maxim, and establishes his suit (though the best trump keeps up against him) unless there are five in one hand originally.

With ace, queen, and two small trumps, do not win the knave led on your left-hand, but let it be played again, according to the same maxim.

As the following, or nearly similar situations frequently occur, I recommend them to the attentive perusal of those students who, feeling within themselves that they comprehend what I have called the alphabet, wish to procure a gradual insight into the game, the whole combinations of which, I cannot too often repeat, proceed from very plain and simple principles; but it requires much reflection to comprehend the same maxim, when applied to inferior cards, that appears self-evident in the superiors. There is scarcely a player, who if he has the ace, king, and knave of the suit of which his right-hand adversary turns up the queen, but will lead the king, and wait for the return to the finesse his knave. But with ace, queen, and ten, (the knave being turned up on his right-hand) the same player will not see that his lead, if he plays a trump, is the queen, and that one and the same principle actuates the players on both occasions and so through the suit.

It constantly happens that the adversary on the right-hand having won his partner's lead with the ace or king, returns the knave. In this case do not put on the queen, as the probability is against its being finessed. But on all these occasions, play without hesitation, which constantly directs a skilful adversary where to finesse to advantage.

It frequently happens when you have led from six trumps, that after your second lead you remain with three or four trumps, the best in your adversary's hand, in these situations play small trump, which has these two advantages. 1st. To prevent the stopping of your partner's suit—and 2d, to give you the tenace, in whatever suit is led by the adversary. This, *mutatis mutandis*, will show that it is bad play to put out the best trump, leaving others in the hand of one of your adversaries. It may do good to keep it up, by stopping a suit, and can answer no good purpose whatever to play it out.

A, remains with the best trump (say the ten) and a small one, with some losing cards, B, his partner, having clearly the second best, (say the nine) with some winning cards; the adversaries having one small trump and winning cards of the other two suits. A is forced. Query—How is he to play? Answer—A is to ruff with his best, and lead out his small trump by which he puts it into his partner's hand to make his winning cards, and renders those of his adversaries of no use whatever.—This mode of play would sometimes be right, even when it was not certain whether the second best trump were in his partner's or his adversary's hand; but the fine player alone can be expected to distinguish on so nice an occasion.

There are points where good players disagree. Some play what is called a forward—others a more timid game.—Some commonly put on a king, second; others but rarely. In these cases a man may play either way, without commiting error; but where all good players are of the same opinion, it should be received as an axiom—no good player puts on a queen, knave, or ten, second; of course, it should on all occasions be carefully avoided.

The possession of the last trump is of most material advantage in the hands of a good player. A has the thirteenth trump, with the ace and four small ones of a suit not played, of which the adversary leads the king and queen; by passing them both, A probably makes three tricks in the suit; but had he won the king, he could not possibly make more than one.

When it is at your option to be eight or nine, it is material always to choose the former score.

Observe carefully what is originally discarded by each player, and whether at the time, the lead is with the partner or adversary. If with the former it is invariably meant to direct the partner—if the latter, it is frequently intended to deceive the adversary, and induce him to lead to his strong suit.

You are not only to take every method to preserve the tenace or advantage of the position to yourself when it is evident that the winning card lies between you and your adversary, but also to give it as much as possible to your partner, when you perceive a hundred of them, suit is in the hands of [illegible] to print a left-hand adversary; always considera- your mind, that when the latter [illegible] the lead, the tenace is against, if you [illegible] ner lead, it is for the adversary. It frequently happens, that by winning your partner's trick, when last player, you accomplish this. A has king, knave (or any other second and fourth card), with a small one of a suit, that B, his left-hand adversary, has the first and third, and another with the lead. If A leads his card, and B, your partner, wins it; you, last player, should, if possible, win the trick, though it is your partner's. By which means you prevent A from making a trick, which he must have done, had the lead remained with B.

As I have ventured to recommend occasional deviations from what is called one of the most classic maxims; *i. e.* leading from single cards without that strength in trumps, hitherto judged indispensably necessary to justify it; I give the reasons that influence my opinion, in favour of this practice, with those generally alleged against it, leaving the reader to determine between them. Two objections are made, which, it cannot be denied, may and do happen. The first, that if your partner has the king of the suit guarded, and the ace behind it, he loses it; which would not be the case if the lead came from the adversary. The second, and most material, is, that your partner if he wins the trick, may lead out trumps, on the supposition it is your strong suit, or the adversaries from suspecting your intention. On the contrary, the constant and certain advantage are the preservation of the tenace in the other two suits, which I suppose you to have, and the probable one of making your small trumps, which you could not otherwise do. A has four small trumps, ace queen, &c. of the second suit; king, knave, &c. of a third: and a single card of the fourth. In these sort of hands, I am of opinion, that the chance of winning, by leading the single card, is much greater than of losing tricks; and I appeal to those who are in the habit of attending whist-tables, whether they do not frequently see the players who proceed [illegible] Hoyle, &c. after losing the game, trying to demonstrate that this ought not to have happened, and that they have been vanquished, by the bad, not good play of their adversaries. I do not recommend in general leading from single cards, unless very strong in trumps; but with such hands as I have mentioned, I am concieved it may be occasionally done with very great, though not certain advantage. It may not be unnecessary to inform the reader, that most of Hoyle's maxims were collected during what may be called the infancy of Whist; and that he himself, so far from being able to teach the game, was not fit to sit down even with the third-rate players of the present day.

I shall conclude these maxims by a short recapitulation of the most material ones, by way of fixing them in the minds of the readers.

Let them be assured without comprehending the leads, modes of playing sequences, and an attentive observation of the board, it is as impossible to make any progress in the science of Whist, as to learn to spell before they know their alphabet.

That accustoming themselves to reason by analogy, will alone teach them to vary their play according to circumstances; and show them, that the best play in some is the worst in different situations of the game. It is common to see even good players hazard the game, merely to gain the applause of ignorant by-standers, by making as much of their cards as they are capable of; but this pitiful ambition cannot be too much guarded against. Avoid also the contrary extreme, the faults of the old, and many of the imitators, of the new school. These never part with a tenace, or certain trick, though for the probability of making several, and are like fences who parry well the attack. No player of this kind can ever excel, though he may reach mediocrity.

I must also repeat my advice to proficients, to vary their play according to the set they are engaged with; and recollect that it would be of no advantage to speak French like Voltaire, if you lived with the people who were ignorant of the language.

ON LEADS.

The safest leads are, from sequences of three or more cards lead the highest, and put on the lowest to your partner's lead; but the highest on your adversary's. With a tierce to the king and several others, begin with the knave.

With ace, king, knave, and three small trumps, play out the ace and king—with only two the king, and wait for the finesse of the knave. In other suits, without great strength in trumps, or with hopes of a particular point, do not wait for the finesse.

Ace, king, and five others, lead the ace in all suits. With four or less, the lowest, if trumps. In other suits, always the ace, unless all the trumps remaining are with you and your partner; in this case a small one.

Ace, queen, knave, &c., in all suits the ace. Ace, queen, ten, with others, in trumps, a small one; but if with three, unless very strong in trumps, lead the ace in other suits.

Ace, knave with small ones, lead the lowest in trumps; in other suits, if with more than two, lead the ace, unless very strong in trumps.

Ace, with four *small ones*, in trumps, lead the lowest. If with four or more in other suits, and not very strong in trumps, the ace.

N. B. It is the general custom with ace and one other, to lead the ace—this is right if you have reason to think it your partner's suit, otherwise lead the small one.

King, queen, ten, &c., in all suits, lead the king; but if it passes, do not pursue the lead, as certain the ace is in your partners hand as it is often kept up, but change your lead, and wait for the return from your partner when you have the finesse of the ten, if necessary.

King, queen, and five others, in all suits, the king. With four or less in trumps, lead the lowest. In other suits, always the king, unless you have the

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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...se of the Clipper.*—Bailey G. Hathaway, of Lansingburgh, writes us that he has a complete set of the first volume of the CLIPPER, which he will sell for $3.

King Flicker, Baltimore.—Always acceptable.

J. O. T., Newburgh.—If the Independent Order of Good Templars is a secret society, we are the last to apply to make public its secrets. We cannot publish your communication.

G. L., Buffalo.—Hyer and Sullivan had a turn-up at a saloon at the corner of Broadway and Park Place; but Sullivan, being under the influence of liquor, was soon compelled to give in. This led to the great fight that took place afterwards in Maryland.

Short Boy.—Mr. Boyd (the North Star) will have nothing to do with such a scurvy fellow. We doubt if the chap giving the challenge can get backed for five cents, let alone $500. Those who aided him before, now give him the cold shoulder. His career in this country was short, very

BARNEY AARON.

A Veteran of the Prize Ring.

HIS ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY.

HIS LIFE AND BATTLES.

BARNEY AARON, a veteran of the London Prize Ring, arrived in this country a few weeks since, and is now stopping at the house of a friend in this city.—Mr. Aaron is now 54 years of age, and is still able to give admirers of the art a fair sample of what real scientific pugilism is. Mr. Aaron fought over 15 prize battles in England, some of them of the most determined and bravely contested character. In all his battles, we believe he was defeated but four times, and one of these defeats was by the game "pet of the fancy," Dick Curtis, whose battles we published a short time since.

That our readers may form an idea of the pugilistic merits of Mr. Aaron, we commence, on the first page of this week's CLIPPER, a history of his life and battles, which will prove deeply interesting.

On Mr. Aaron's arrival in this country, he became mixed up with those who could be of no real service to him in the object of his visit. Those who took him in charge kept his name from the public eye, as if they were fearful the prestige attached to that name might injure the prospects of others The consequence was that the Sparring Exhibition given by Mr. Aaron was a failure. We regret this, exceedingly; for if any man deserves a hearty welcome at the hands of the pugilistic fraternity, it is this hardy veteran. He comes among us a total stranger, and is received coldly. And why was this? We will tell you. The late attempt of a certain individual to pass himself off as the Champion Pedestrian of England had much to do with Mr. Aaron's reception. The manner in which we showed up this pretender, and exposed his schemes, very naturally had a tendency to put our readers on their guard for similar pretenders, and they look with suspicion upon all who in the least associate with or countenance the actions of the person alluded to. We can assure our readers, however, that Mr. Aaron is no pretender. What he professes to have done is placed upon record, *not by himself*, but by the principal Sporting Authorities of England.—Examine "Fistiana," peruse the entertaining pages of Pierce Egan's great work, "Boxiana," and there you will find recorded the exploits in the Prize Ring, of this veteran, Barney Aaron. We repeat, we are exceedingly mortified that the first exhibition given in this country by the veteran should have resulted as it did. But, there is time enough to remedy this. If our advice will not be looked upon as savoring of egotism, we would urge upon Mr. Aaron the necessity of cutting himself aloof from any particular set of men—he will thus prevent those petty feelings which will find their way into opposing bodies. We would also advise Mr. Aaron to give us another Exhibition, that the sporting community may behold one of the best men that ever entered the ring. Steer clear of cliques, Mr. Aaron, and you will find plenty of sparrers to lend their assistance.

The independent course we have seen fit to pursue in relation to Sparring Exhibitions and the deceptions practised last season, has had a tendency to lower us in the estimation of a few, a very few, of the fraternity. They will soon see, however, that we have but their own interest in view.

Read the account of Barney Aaron's battles in this week's CLIPPER.

Affair of Honor in Brooklyn.

An affair of honor came off in the vicinity of Fort Green, Brooklyn, at an early hour on the morning of Wednesday 31st Oct., between a young merchant named J. H. A——n, doing business in this city, and a Custom House broker named F——h. The difficulty had its origin, (as is usual in affairs of honor,) as to which of the belligerents was entitled to, or possessed the affections of a certain young lady residing in Brooklyn. The ground having been measured off, the principals were placed opposite each other, and the word given to fire, when it was found that the merchants' shot had taken effect in the broker's right arm, while the latter had sent a ball through the former's hat. After the first round it was deemed inexpedient to have another shot, the seconds having arranged matters to the satisfaction of both parties. The names of the seconds we were unable to obtain.

The Minie Rifle.

The destruction committed by this new engine of death, in the battle of the Alma, has placed it, beyond a doubt, as one of the most serviceable arms ever invented. The superiority of the Minie rifle over the old common musket suggested experiment with rifled cannon, but it has hitherto been found impracticable to obtain a description of shot suitable to be fired from the rifled cannon, as in every instance the lead portion necessary to be attached to the iron shot, for the purpose of expanding into the rifled grooves, invariably separated when fired, owing to the plans for securing it being inefficient, and the consequence was that the direction of the shot could not be depended upon, or the range be calculated with any degree of certainty. The result of several experiments caused great doubt as to the practicability of joining the iron and lead in such a manner as to make effective shot suitable for being fired from rifled cannon. Mr. Jeffrey, the inventer of the marine glue, having had his attention drawn to the difficulty which existed of securing the lead to the iron shot so as to prevent their being separated by the action of firing, submitted a plan to the members of the select committe at Woolwich, and they afforded him every facility for having it tested at the long range at Shoeburyness, England. Mr. Jeffery accordingly had twelve shot cast on purpose under his own superintendence, upon his plan, and they were all tested on Thursday, 5th Oct., commencing at 10 o'clock a. m, and concluding at 12 noon. The plan is very ingenious, and yet simple, and the shot which were recovered afforded evidence that he has overcome the difficulty which has hitherto existed, and introduced a principle in the construction of shot well adapted for firing from rifled cannon, without separating the lead from the iron portion of the metals. The practice was carried on at two targets, the one about 50 yards in front of the other, and the entire range about 1,700 yards. Mr. Jeffery's shot were all cast suitable for the bore of a 9-pounder gun, but being of the Minie ball shape, conical at the one end, and having a cup-form at the other, and varying in their length, they weighed from 11lb to 24lb each. The line of firing at that range was very good, but in almost every instance they went beyond the most distant target, and richocheted a great distance—fully a mile at least beyond the target. There were twelve of Mr. Jeffery's shot, and four spherical shot, fired during the practice, and the last round one of Mr. Jeffery's was fired with the gun at an elevation of 10 degrees, and a charge of 2lb weight of powder, and it made a range of upwards of 3,000 yards, or nearly double the distance of the target, before it struck the ground.

Not Bad.

A writer in the Atlas says—PIETY is given to vanity now-a-days. It's got its "soger" clothes on, and is spreading itself like a "2 40" on the plank road. "Temples of the Moral Drama" are crowding theatres chock up in the corner, and bully Shakespeare is bluffed off by "a gentleman of this city." Sacred concerts, introducing bass drums, trombones, and Jew fifers to the Sabbath, are getting to be popular institutions, and we see Sacred Prize Fights, with the devoted "Horrible Gardner" and meek "London Pet," with white neck-cloths, booming up in the distance. Dying is generally postponed to the latter end of the week to give the "sogers" a chance to fife their comrade to Greenwood on Sunday, sandwiching the dead march between Jordan and Whoop-a-doodle-doo. Queer affair this Sabbath is getting to be. Well, it is.

Life Preserver Harness.

Mr. Samuel Hunt has just invented a harness which so constructed is by the action of a strap, always under the control of a driver, that a runaway horse may be immediately stripped, the harness falling to pieces around him, and he be permitted to pursue his course without danger to the vehicle or those in it, and without danger to himself by having dangling shafts hanging on to him. The operation is instantaneous. The hames and saddle tree are in two sections. By a strap these sections are disconnected. A late trial of this invention was witnessed by thousands of people.

Death of an English Pugilist.

Jack Callaghan, of Derby, died on the 2d October, at his residence, 2 Ashbourne road, Derby, aged 33 years. Callaghan fought several battles in the Prize Ring, among which were his battles with Bernbridge, whom he defeated; Callaghan and his seconds, however, were apprehended, and held to bail for 12 months. He beat Oakley, &c. He was to have fought Jem Parker, but Parker was arrested, and a draw was the consequence. He was to have fought Grant for £100 aside on the 30th of Dec., 1851, but having been present at the riot between Paddock and Poulson, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to 10 months imprisonment, with hard labor. He forfeited, in consequence, to Grant.

Betting in England—Heavy Loss.

We learn that *one gentleman lost over one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars* on the Cesarewitch Stakes, at the Newmarket races, in England, on the 10th of October. And what is more to the point, one half of the total amount was actually paid over on the following morning. Such is the manner in which every true English sporting man acts up to his agreements. No law suits to recover money fairly lost.

THE RING.

Hyer and McGowan.

OUR WESTERN FRIENDS, ALL ALIVE.

In spite of our assertion to the contrary, our Western friends will persist in stating that Mr. Hyer is matched to fight a man named McGowan, now residing somewhere in Missouri. The following is the latest version of this affair:

THE RUMORED PRIZE FIGHT.

TOM HYER AGAINST PAT M'GOWAN FOR $3,000.

[From the St. Louis Democrat, Oct. 25.]

A day or two since, in the Cincinnati papers that reached us by mail, we saw a statement that the celebrated pugilist, Tom Hyer, had arrived in that place, and that the object of his visit was to contest in a boxing ring with one Patrick McGowan, of St. Louis, for a prize of $3,000, the place of meeting to be somewhere between the cities of New York and St. Louis. This very exciting, but exceedingly indefinite bit of news, has occasioned quite a talk in our city, and many inquiries have been made as to the identity of Pat McGowan. We believe the story is generally discredited, but we are enabled to give that information to our readers this morning, which will make the affair no joke.

Patrick McGowan, now living in our State, is an Irishman by birth, and has lived in this country since the year 1846. He worked as a drayman for some time in New York, and from thence removed to the state of Michigan, where he was a laborer on the Central Michigan Railroad. He left Michigan, came to Chicago, and again resumed his occupation of draying. But a month or two since he came to St. Louis, and having nothing to engage him, was compelled to seek work out on the Pacific Railroad, where he is at this date still laboring.

From a man who has seen him, we learn that he is of a herculean build, over six feet high, has a head of thick sandy hair, and a broad good-natured face.

His extraordinary sparring powers secured him a notoriety in New York, and doubtless his friends there have arranged the match and made the bet against Hyer.

The report that the fight was to come off somewhere between New York and St. Louis was put forth in its indefinite shape for the purpose of eluding too great a publicity for the match. We are now assured by an individual, in whom we have every reason to place confidence, that the day of the match is set for next Friday. Hyer and his friends are expected here to-night on the Alton packet. On the day appointed the parties will proceed across the river to a spot which has been agreed upon. The match is to come off at 4 o'clock, P. M. The rounds are limited to eighty. Four judges, two from each party, are to decide who has won the stakes.

This indeed promises to be a serious matter. If within the province of the duties of our police, we think all efforts should be made to prevent this bloody collision. We hope none of our citizens will encourage the affair by their presence; yet we know too well the popular taste to hope against the crowds that will be flocking across the river to witness the combat.

We did not think the Western boys were so easily bamboozled. The whole thing is another "Sabastopol affair," a complete hoax. We have taken especial pains to enquire into the whole matter, and are authorised to state that there is not the slightest particular of truth in the report. Mr. Hyer is in the city at present, where he has been for a long time. It is ridiculous to suppose that Hyer would go a journey of some two thousand miles to contend in a Prize Fight for $3,000. He has had an offer of $5,000 in this neighborhood, and as he looked on that as too insignificant a sum to fight for, it is not to be supposed that $3,000, and a long journey "thrown in," would tempt him. It's all gammon McGowan, (if there is such an individual,) is unknown hereaway, and as to his *extraordinary sparring powers* in New York, bah! Its all bosh! Got up for Buncombe. Rounds *limited* to eighty. In a Prize battle, the men fight until one or the other is whipped. *Two judges on each side to decide the battle.*—Altogether a new code of laws, which have not yet been promulgated among the fancy in this vicinity.

Why, even the *far-famed* "Champion Pedestrian" can get up a better "gag" than that; but then he's used to it.—That's some difference.

When anything interesting in the Sporting line is to come off, the fact will be made known through the columns of the CLIPPER,—it is *the* organ.

Proposed Prize Fight.

BETWEEN TWO VETERANS OF THE RING.

A report is current that a Prize Fight is soon to take place between two veterans of the ring. The circumstances which gave rise to this report are owing to an "old grudge" existing between George Kensett and old Bill Tovee. The friends of each wishing to have a little sport at the expense of the "old uns," met a few evenings since, and posted $5 aside to make a match. Though the "old uns" profess to have an itching to get at each other, there is not the least probability of their meeting. It is a good joke, as it is, and the "young uns" should suffer it to drop where it is. The $10 can be expended in treating the crowd to some of "Tricks' beer," in behalf of which "Dave" is so lavish of his praises.

It is all folly for two grey-headed men to talk about fighting. They'd had better settle "that same old grudge" over a good "chop" and a mug of "af, an' af."

Fifty Miles in Five Hours.

John Levitt, the celebrated English Pedestrian, has offered to take £100 to £25 that he runs *fifty miles in five hours!*

Ellis Guard.

Thanks, gentlemen, for your kind invitation to take part in your excursion of the 15th inst. We wish you a pleasant time.

SPARRING.

Dick Sauce's Benefit.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 26.

We dropped in at the Shakspeare Room, corner of Duane and William streets, on the 26th, on the occasion of a complimentary benefit given to Dick Sauce. Although the price of tickets was 50 cents each, we found a large and respectable company present—much larger than we expected to see. There were several of the old hands present.—The Sparring was not of a very scientific character, but appeared to give satisfaction. Not having the proper facilities extended to us, we are unable to give the names of all who sparred. The most amusing set-to of the evening, was that between Izzy Lazarus and George Kensett, the two men weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of *five hundred pounds.*—George played very cunningly, while Izzy would send in a little one occasionally, which always had the effect to make George give a hitch at his *trousers*, which seemed to bother him considerably. If it hadn't been for George's trousers, we believe the spectators would have seen George let out a little. As it was, the set-to kept the audience in roars of laughter, and both men were loudly applauded on leaving the circle. Barney Lunney and Old Bill Tovee had a bout together—but why not place a young man opposite Barney? He is a capital sparrer, and never fails to please when he has a young opponent. With Old Tovee, Barney "is gentle, he is kind," and never allows himself to give those "extras," which are so much admired.—Old Tovee did better, however, on this occasion, than we ever remember to have seen him, and he must have almost imagined himself "a boy again." The wind up of the evening was between Dick Sauce and Tom Davis. It seemed to us that Sauce was afraid of his opponent's blows, rushing in with his head down, &c., which had not a very pleasing effect upon the spectators. Davis, occasionally, "went in;" when he did, there was some good work on his part, showing that he is well versed in the "art and mysteries." We regretted the absence of a stage, though we believe all present had a good view of the sparrers. Everything passed off quietly, and the exhibition was over by 10 o'clock.

The St. Charles in a Blaze of Glory.

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

TOM DAVIS'S SPARRING EXHIBITION.

The St. Charles Theatre was crowded on Tuesday evening last, on the occasion of the first Sparring Exhibition given in this country by Tom Davis who fought and conquered the celebrated Hammer Lane. Mr. Davis but lately arrived here, and has already made himself many friends by his gentlemanly deportment.

The prices of admission to witness the exhibition were $1; 50 cents; and 25 cents, according to location. Printed bills of the entertainment were distributed, but all those named did not appear. Among the latter were Mike Murphy and Orville Gardner. The latter having lost one of his children a few days since, of course could not be looked for. Mr. Murphy's absence was regretted, inasmuch as he is one of the best sparrers in the city, besides a general favorite. There was some beautiful sparring however, such as any lover of the sport would do without a good supper to witness.

Set-to the first—Jack Leese and Frank Coyle. This was a good set-to—the men taking some little time to get to work in each round, but when once in there was nothing but hit, hit, hit, except in one round, when it was miss, miss, on both sides, which created much laughter.

Second set-to—Two Novices. The peculiar manner in which this couple dodged each other, getting in an odd one occasionally, &c., kept the audience in one continued roar of laughter. The set-to was well relished.

Third set-to—Barney Lunney and Jack Roche. These well known favorites gave a very pretty display of the fistic art—each giving and taking in good style. This set-to was much admired.

Fourth set-to—George Leese and Simpson. On facing each other, both men immediately went to work, when Simpson got in a good one on Leese's right eye, *leaving its mark* by completely blackening the side of Leese's face.—Simpson, it seems, had been dying his moustache previous to setting-to, and some of the dye getting on his glove, of course part of it came off on Leese's physog. The audience was convulsed with laughter every time the black side came in view. The sparring of these gentlemen was not much admired—it was too trifling.

Fifth Set-to.—Izzy Lazarus and Watson, of Albany.—This was an admirable trial of skill, in fact, a heavy set-to. Watson proved himself to be no bungler, but kept Izzy rather too busy for comfort. Watson, however, had rather too experienced a hand at the business to contend with to show out his best points. The beautiful style of stopping adopted by Izzy rendered it an extremely difficult matter for Watson to get in his blows. The entire set-to was nothing but hard work from beginning to end, and at its close the most deafening applause from the audience testified the amusement afforded by Messrs. Lazarus and Watson. Mr. Lazarus was afterwards called out, and remarked that it was warm work, and if any one present disputed it he could have an opportunity of testing it in person.

Sixth set-to.—Old Bill Tovee and young Scotty. Here it is again, old age and youth. Why is it that those who have the managing of these affairs insist on pitting old Tovee against a young man? Neither man is benefitted by it, and it is anything but pleasing to the audience. Scotty, in his set-to, gave the veteran some ugly knocks, which would have floored many a younger man. Old Tovee is still a good sparrer, but should not be placed in the same category with the young 'uns.

Seventh set-to.—Two Bricks—So we understood the Master of Ceremonies to say, in announcing them. They endeavored to please, and though not quite as successful as others, nevertheless they showed some good points.

Eighth Set-to.—Jack Leese and another, whose name we did not catch. This was a short bout, and created no great excitement.

Ninth Set-to.—Young Scotty, of Brooklyn, and Young Aaron—This was a really good exhibition of hard hitting. The rushing system of Scotty told with good effect upon his antagonist, but the latter was always ready in returning the visits of his opponent. Scotty never fails to please, no matter with whom he puts on the gloves.

Tenth Set-to.—Molineaux, of Brooklyn, and Harry Gribbin.—As soon as it was announced that these "good ones" were to appear, every eye was anxiously fixed upon the stage. On the appearance of the men, they were greeted with loud applause from all parts of the theatre. The set to was a manly and exciting contest. Molineaux's quick method of delivery, and style of extricating himself from difficulty, being about evenly balanced by the strong and telling boxing of his adversary. It was a most beautiful sight. In one round, Molineaux got in a ripper on Harry, which sent him reeling. Molineaux, however, immediately came forward to the foot lights, saying to the audience that the blow was not a square one, and that he begged Mr. Gribbin's pardon for giving it. On setting-to again, there was some brisk work, giving and taking in rapid succession being the order of the night. The set-to was concluded in brilliant style, and the applause of the audience continued for several minutes after the men left the stage. The audience tried to get them out again. Molineaux finally appeared and danced his celebrated Decanter Danc, and performed the extraordinary feat of picking up with his mouth, from off the stage, a small coin, at the same time balancing on his head a tumbler of water. Molineaux was again cheered, and then withdrew. Those who were not present lost a rich treat in the set-to between Gribbin and Molineaux.

Eleventh set-to—Phil Clare and Simpson. Very short, but very good. In the 2nd round, Clare gave his opponent a very ugly fall, and in the succeeding round, *Simpson* retaliated by throwing Clare very heavily, and falling upon him. Matters being squared, the men concluded to let matters remain as they stood. It was a very good set to.

Twelve and last—Wind-up—Tom Davis and a friend. This was another capital display of the art; the friend being a tip-top sparrer, gave Mr. Davis a chance to show those *striking* points for which he is celebrated. The friend was in no ways backward in going forward, and the rounds were continual milling. Mr. Davis is a very fine boxer, his style being bold and thoroughly scientific. Previous to the set-to, Mr. Davis said—"Gentleman, for your kind reception this evening, I return you my sincere thanks. I am a stranger in your country, having arrived here but a few weeks since; but already I have met with much kindness, and many friends. When the opportunity offers, you will find that I am not ungrateful." This little speech was well given, and well received.

At the conclusion of the sparring, Mickey Warren being loudly called for, appeared, and danced one of those dances which he alone can dance.

Thus concluded one of the best Sparring Exhibitions we ever attended.—Notwithstanding the Theatre was crowded with "ruffianly shoulder-hitters," as the so called "moral" journals style them, not the least disposition to quarrel was manifested, but everything passed off in the most quiet manner.

Mr. Davis will shortly take a trip to Boston, where he contemplates giving an exhibition on the same systematic style as that noticed above. Our Boston friends have a rich treat in store for them, and we hope they will give Mr. Davis as hearty a welcome as the Yorkers gave him.

New York Martial Corps Association.

We beg to return our sincere thanks to the members of the above company for an invitation to attend the Third Annual Target Excursion of the corps, on Saturday, November 11th. If we may be allowed to judge from the former excursions of our musical friends, there is a rich treat in store for those who intend to participate in the parade of the 11th. They start from Wm. E. Keene's, 14th Ward Head Quarters, corner of Elizabeth and Grand street, and proceed to Striker's Bay.

JONES AND BRETTLE.—A further deposit for this match was made at Mr. Henfrey's, George, Drury-court, on Wednesday.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Five Miles in 30 min. 9 sec.

On Friday evening, 27th Oct., Mr. John Brophy, undertook, for a small wager, to run ten times round Madison Park, (one circuit of which is said to be half a mile) in forty minutes. He ran round ten times, making a distance of five miles, in 30 minutes and 9 seconds. Mr. Brophy performed the feat after leaving his work, having had no training whatever. He is willing to bet $30 that he can run five miles, on the Union Race Course, inside of 30 minutes.

Foot Race at Fall River.

TWO AND A HALF MILES.

A foot race took place on the 19th Oct., at Fall River, between W. H. Ramsker and Alexander Nap, for $25 a side: distance two and a half miles. The race came off on the road leading from the Upper Mill, and terminating at Thomaston's Hotel. On getting off, Ramsker took the lead, which he kept for 500 yards; his opponent then passed him, and maintained his front position till nearly two miles had been covered. Ramsker, at this point, made a tremendous spirt, passing Nap, and went in a winner by nearly a hundred yards.

The Great Hurdle Leaping at Buffalo.

MICKEY FREE AND THE INDIANS.

The Hurdle match announced in the CLIPPER a week or two since, came off on Tuesday, 24th Oct., on the Buffalo Race Course. The match was between Mickey Free and three Indians, viz:—Burton, Armstrong, Bennot and Steeprock. The men had to run twenty times over a quarter mile of ground, and leap 25 hurdles each quarter.—There was a very large attendance to witness the contest, nearly $400 being taken at the gate for admissions. On starting off, the Indians took the lead Mickey being last, having, it is said, came in contact with Armstrong, by which his foot was sprained.

Mickey was unable to overtake the Indians, and on the 18th round, fearing that his share of the gate money would be among the missing, gave up. The Indians kept on, and finished the race in capital style, but who was the winner, our correspondent does not inform us. Neither does he state the time occupied in running the distance. There appears to have been some disturbance at the close of the contest; Mickey Free, before he was aware of it, finding himself mixed up in a "free fight," and receiving rather hard usage. Thinking himself not fairly treated, Mickey offers to run the Indians 10 miles, over 1600 hurdles, for $500.

Picking up Stones.

Thomas McGlynn, at Utica, on Saturday last, picked up and put into a basket fifty stones, placed one yard apart, in 11 minutes and 30 seconds.

The Real Champion Pedestrian of England.

A benefit was to have been given Mr. Charles Westhall, in England, on the 17th Oct., for which occasion several first rate pugilists had consented to spar. Westhall would undertake to walk one mile, run one mile, walk one mile backwards, pick up 40 stones a yard apart, leap over 50 hurdles, pick up 30 stones a yard apart with his mouth, and throw 50 56lb. weights over his head, in 56 minutes.

Canine Sports.

Connaught Lad and Red Jack.

The owner of the celebrated dog Connaught Lad offered some time since to match him against any dog in the world, of 17 lbs. weight, for $100 or $500. Mr. James McLaughlin accepted the challenge, and a deposit of $10 a side was made. The owner of Connaught Lad, however, has since forfeited the money down.

Mr. McLaughlin now offers to match his dog Red Jack, of 17 lbs weight, against Connaught Lad and give him his own time, for $100. Place of fighting to be tossed for. This challenge is open to any other dog of the same weight in this country. If there is any person willing to make this match, the money is ready at the house of Jas. McLaughlin, 155 First Avenue.

Another Great Dog Fight.

We understand that a match has been made for a fight between the imported dog Harry and the Astoria dog, of 26 lbs. for $200. The fight is to take place at John Marriott's, on Tuesday evening, 14th inst. This will be a hard contest, as both dogs are known to be bruisers of the right stamp. The dog Harry, we believe, is looked upon as the Canine champion of America. There will be a great gathering of the lovers of canine sport on the above occasion.

"Bony."

This celebrated dog is offered for sale on advantageous terms. He is in prime condition, and will suit any person wishing a first rate dog. Terms made known by applying at 590 8th avenue.

The Dog Bullet.

The owner of the white dog Bullet is ready to match him against any dog in the United States, of 30 lbs. weight, for $100 or upwards. Bullet is the dog that was defeated by Tanner a short time since.

AQUATICS.

A Wonderful Vessel.

Mr. Scott Russel, an eminent English ship builder, is now engaged in building a ship which is calculated to make the voyage from Liverpool to Australia and back in sixty days! Mr. Russell confidently predicts the attainment of a speed of twenty-four miles per hour, which will enable passengers to reach America in less than three days from Galway to Halifax. His new ship is to carry all her own coals, 600 first class and 1,000 second class passengers, whose fares would amount to £120,000! The secret of speed, Mr. Russel contends, is in length of hull and convexity of water line, so that the opposition of the ship to the body of the water, should be as slow and gradual as possible. To get a speed of twenty-four miles per hour, 400 feet of length was necessary, but the new ship is to be 600 feet long, 60 feet deep, and 83 feet wide.

Quick Passage.

The clipper ship Phenix, Captain Hoxie, and Gov. Morton, Capt. Burgess, arrived at this port on Tuesday—the former in nineteen days, and the latter in twenty-three days from Liverpool.

Clipper Race to San Francisco.

Two fine clipper ships left this port last week, for San Francisco, and much interest, and we believe some money, depends upon their trips. The vessels are the Sweepstakes, Captain Lane, of New York, and the Boston clipper Phantom, Captain Peterson. The former sailed on the 26th, at 10 A. M., and the latter on the 25th, at 7 A. M. The Sweepstakes draws 21 feet 4 inches, and the Phantom 20 feet.

Fast Sailing.

Ship Mary Robinson (of New-Bedford,) Crocker, from Boston for San Francisco, put into Valparaiso, Aug. 25, for water, and sailed again on the 26th.—She made the passage from Georges Bank to Cape Horn in 50 days—equaling the Flying Cloud when she made the quickest trip, and this with the N. E. trades at E. by S., and the S. E. trades from S. E. to S. S. E., with the exception of three days, a part of one of which she sailed 15 knots per hour, which has never been beat more than half a knot. She will sail 12½ knots within seven points of the wind, loaded very deep, as she is now. She was 31 days in doubling Cape Horn, most of the time in terrific gales and turbulent cross sea.

CRICKET.

Match between the Students of the Free Academy.

These youths commenced a match at Hoboken on Saturday, October 21, and when time was called the Free Academy had played two innings, and the Union Club one, with a loss of five wickets. On Saturday they met again to finish it. Montross and Banks commenced at the bat, and, after some sharp play, the game terminated in favor of the Free Academy, by only nine runs. The bowling and batting were very good. The score was as follows:

FREE ACADEMY.

FIRST INNING.

Wright c Beebe b Banning,	12
W. Hallock b Banning,	4
Van Dusen c Baker, b Davis,	7
Godwin b Banning,	2
Clark b Davis,	5
Kirkland b Banning,	4
Wilson, leg before wicket,	9
Sherry c Cutting, b Muller,	9
Fay b Banning,	1
Jennings b Banning,	0
Waller, not out,	9
Byes, 2—leg byes, 1,	1
Total,	65

SECOND INNING.

Wright c Cutting, b Banning,	4
W. Hallock b Muller,	6
Van Dusen c Baker, b Davis,	0
Godwin b Banning,	3
Clark b Banning,	0
Kirkland b Davis,	1
Wilson, run out,	0
Sherry not out,	21
Fay b Banning,	0
Jennings b Davis,	0
Waller c Baker, b Banning,	1
Byes,	1
Total,	41

UNION CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Davis b H. Wright,	6
Banning b H. Wright,	3
Leeds b Kirkland,	0
Baker, run out,	2
Beebe c Godwin, b Kirkland,	2
Cutting b Kirkland,	0
Montross c Kirkland, b Wright,	2
Muller b Kirkland,	0
Banks, not out,	7
Beach c Kirkland b Wright,	0
Church b H. Wright,	0
Wides, 10—byes, 5,	15
Total,	45

SECOND INNINGS.

Davis b Godwin,	15
Banning b H. Wright,	3
Leeds b H. Wright,	0
Baker c Waller, b Wright,	6
Beebe c Clark b Kirkland,	0
Cutting c Van Dusen b Wright,	9
Montross, run out,	2
Muller, run out,	2
Banks b Godwin,	10
Beech, not out,	0
Church b Wright,	1
Byes, 1—wides 6,	7
Total,	55

To Players of Draughts or Chequers.

A CHALLENGE.

Mr. Alexander Drysdale, a celebrated player of the game of Draughts or Chequers, who arrived in this country a few days since, is anxious to have a friendly trial of skill with some of our tip-top players, and to attain this end, puts forth the following challenge:

DRAUGHTS OR CHEQUERS.—Alexander Drysdale, (alias the Scottish Laddie) is open to make a match at the above game for from $100 to $500 a side, with any man in the United States of America. First come first served. All communications addressed to Mr. Hull, 45 Chesnut street, above Second, Philada.

Now, here is a chance which should not be suffered to pass. We have no doubt there are several players of the game, either in this city or Philadelphia, who will give Mr. Drysdale the opportunity he desires.

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Lacking Issues, Missing and Mutilated Pages.

At this time of initial microfilming the file is incomplete or imperfect as indicated. If any of the material is added at a later date it will be found in its proper place, or at the end of the reel concerned, or on a supplementary reel, in that order of preference.

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